



OVERLY ATTACHED GIANTESS 2

ART BY REDFIREDOG

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH FEELSKIN

<https://youtu.be/Y4KrdjAPohc>

A young man with dark hair, wearing a grey and white striped polo shirt, is lying on his stomach on the massive, pale, and wrinkled breast of a giantess. He is looking up with a concerned expression. The giantess's hand, with long, purple, claw-like fingers, is resting on his back, pressing him down into the soft flesh. The background shows a clear blue sky and a dark, choppy sea.

I didn't sleep at all that night.

I had so many questions: how had Briana become a giantess? What did she have planned? Was she going to keep me captive? Would it be better just to run away?

I was lying on top of her enormous breast, with her hand covering me and pressing me down into it. It was the softest, most comfortable bed I'd ever had the pleasure to lie on – I only wished it weren't the breast of someone violently obsessed with me.



At least fifty times I was about to just get up and make a run for it. At one point, I actually almost did. I got up, as slowly and silently as I possibly could. Would she even notice? If I slipped off of her body, would she even feel me? If I made noise, would she be able to hear me? She seemed not to have had any trouble hearing me when she was awake, despite how small I was to her.

I squeezed myself out from her hand, and my heart jumped as she stirred. She opened her eyes – but just for a moment, as she looked at me with a hazy, unfocused gaze. Then she closed her eyes again and I lost my balance as her hand pressed down on my body. At first I thought she had woken up and was gripping me more tightly to make sure that I couldn't get away. But instead, she started rubbing me against her nipple. She moaned, and mumbled something unintelligible, and I realized that she was still asleep, and masturbating with me.



“Oh, Ryan...”

Her voice was husky from sleep, and she moaned again as she continued to rub me against her breast. I could feel her nipple, the size of my head, stiffen and swell under me as my chest was rubbed against it. She almost pushed me off of her breast, and I reflexively grabbed at her nipple for support.



She gasped and moaned again, and her enormous fingers closed around me. I was lifted off of her breast and slowly but roughly brought down to her crotch. I wondered whether, in her dream, she was normal size again, or a giantess. I wondered whether she was remembering the sex we'd had, or imagining playing with me, with me the size of her finger.



Her underwear was soaking wet. At first, I had thought it was from the water, but I was immediately struck by the smell, and I understood that she'd been quietly masturbating with her other hand for some time.



She placed me directly on her crotch and pressed her hand into my back, the weight of it squeezing my breath out of me. I waved my arms frantically, trying to find something that I could use to pull myself out of her grip. I grabbed her underwear, but it simply stretched when I pulled it, and it didn't help me at all.





I was pushed upward and toward her belly. Despite the fear I was feeling, my dick was rock-hard, and as she dragged me against her, my erection was rubbed against her underwear. Slowly, I was pushed up high enough that I could see over her crotch to her breasts, and the pressure suddenly lessened. I took a huge breath as her fingers closed around me again and brought me back down so that my face was again pressed against her soaking wet panties. Then, the pressure was applied to my back again and I was slowly pressed upward, my body rubbed against her crotch.

A surreal illustration featuring a giant, smooth, orange-brown skin surface that fills most of the frame. A large, realistic-looking hand with red-painted nails is shown holding a tiny man. The tiny man is lying on a small, white, tufted mattress. He is wearing a striped shirt and dark pants. His right arm is raised, and his hand is near the giant thumb. The background is a clear, light blue sky with a few distant, dark silhouettes of trees or structures. The overall scene is a metaphorical representation of a person being held or restrained by a much larger, more powerful entity.

Brianna kept it up for several minutes. With each pass, the breath was squeezed out of me, and my dick was rubbed against her underwear. And with each pass, her moans became louder and more intense. I reached up to try and grab her thumb, to try and pull myself out of her grip, but it was like trying to grab onto a tree trunk with one hand. There was no way I'd be able to get any kind of grip.



“Ryan... you feel so good...”

Her voice thundered from, it seemed, far away. Every sound I heard was muffled; one ear was pressed into the cloth of her underwear, and the other was blocked by her enormous finger pressing into my head, but there was no way not to hear her voice. Even when I was fighting to keep my breath, her voice was commanding, godlike.

“Bria- oofff” I started to shout, but I was cut off by her hand shoving my face, roughly, back against her panties. I started to smack her thigh with my hand, as hard as I could, hoping to get any kind of reaction, but there was none. She just continued using me her own, personal, human sex toy. One of her fingers slid between my legs and lifted me up again, by my crotch, and thrust me, hard, up against her clitoris.



I soon started breathing rhythmically so that I took what fresh air I could when the pressure was off of me, to keep myself from blacking out while I was getting ground into her crotch. However, she soon switched up her masturbation; instead of sliding me up her crotch towards her belly, she now started rubbing me rhythmically into her labia.



At first, I tried to keep my balance with my hands and arms, grabbing onto whatever handholds I could find in her underwear and her skin, but it didn't even help me at all; I eventually just let myself go with the flow. I adjusted the rhythm of my breath to match the speed of her masturbation, and only used my arms if I was actually about to fall over.

My head was pushed directly into her labia, and when I was pulled out, my face and hair were sticky with her fluids. I wiped my eyes and spit, and tried to regain my rhythm, but she did it again. And again. I was pushed in deeper and slightly deeper; first it was just my face, but after a few passes it almost seemed as though she were trying to insert my shoulders into her.





I started to panic. If she were asleep, and wasn't aware of what she was doing, what was going to stop her from inadvertently crushing me or smothering me? I already had to consciously control my breath to make sure I didn't black out; what if I *did* black out? Would I be smothered?

A woman with long dark hair and red lipstick is lying on her back on a sandy beach. She is wearing white lace underwear. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. Her right hand is resting on her hip, with her fingers slightly curled. A small, dark-colored doll is visible inside her underwear. In the bottom left corner, there is a small black ring and a bright pink object. The background shows a sandy beach and a patch of green grass in the distance.

I then had another thought, one that was even more frightening: what if she wasn't really asleep? What if she actually understood what she was doing to me? I knew she wasn't really interested in what I wanted, but did she really think of me as something that could be used as a dildo?



Briana suddenly stopped moaning and her breath caught in her throat as she let out a low growl- or, at her size, a roar. The smell of her vagina, already powerful, intensified as she came. Her juices began flowing more strongly from inside of her, and I held my breath to avoid breathing them in and swallowing them. Unexpectedly, she moved her hand, which caused me to gasp, and I did take some of her fluids into my windpipe. I began coughing them out. From high above, I heard her lick her lips and inhale deeply.

“Mmm... good morning, Ryan.”



A pause, and then her hand closed around my legs, much less roughly this time, though still not exactly gently. I moved quickly enough through the air that I got vertigo, and in a moment I was hanging almost upside-down above her face, with her hand firmly clasped around my entire lower body. I coughed again.

“Good morning, Ryan.” she repeated. Maybe she thought I hadn’t heard her the first time.

“Uuuhhh...” I was having trouble forming words.

“Did you sleep well?”

“...Not really.”

A woman with short dark hair and a concerned expression is shown from the chest up. She is topless and holding a tiny man on her index finger. The tiny man is wearing a striped shirt and a red cap. The background is a bright, sunny outdoor scene with green trees and a clear sky. The woman's skin is fair and her hair is dark and straight. The tiny man is very small in comparison to her, emphasizing the scale difference.

She sat up. “Oh, Ryan... waking up next to you is just the greatest feeling. You don’t know how much I’ve missed this for the past few years.”

“Yeah.”

“I just can’t tell you how happy it makes me that we’re going to wake up together every day from now on, because I’m not going to let you go ever again!”

“Right. Uh, about that...”

"I mean, not literally. But wouldn't that be funny? If I just held on to you, literally, in my hand, for the rest of our lives?" Her face lit up with laughter and she stopped focusing her eyes on me. I'm pretty sure she was actively imagining it.

"Briana..."

"Yes, dear?" She had snapped back to reality and was looking at me expectantly, eagerly, with a burning curiosity to know what I had to say.

"I... have class today. Can... are... are you going to let me go to class?"





She looked at me with disappointment.

“Please?”

“Ryan!” There was anger in her voice. **“Is that really all you have to say to me right now? We just spent such a wonderful night together! After being apart for so long! And... all you can say to me is that you want to leave?”**

"No! No, it isn't that I want to leave, I just..." my mind raced. "I... I'm failing this course. And my professor told me that I can't miss any more classes. It's really important."

She looked at me inscrutably. I don't know whether she knew I was lying, or whether she believed and was debating whether it was a good enough reason to let me go. Finally she sighed. She started getting dressed.



As she walked back toward downtown, we continued talking.

“Ryan, you know how much I love you. I’m not going to stop you from going to class if it’s really important to you.” She smiled. **“Even though I could. Super easily! But you’re right, you can’t fail your course. How-ev-er...”** She paused, for dramatic effect. I gulped. **“How about I come pick you up after your class is finished?”** She grinned, showing me all of her teeth. **“I just think that, since we had such a wonderful evening together, we should really go back to the beach and celebrate our getting back together.”** She ran her hand down her breasts and along her belly. **“Physically.”**





After being in Briana's presence for all of the previous afternoon and evening, my adrenaline had finally run out and I had reached a kind of emotional balance. But at her proposal, I began to panic again. A dozen conflicting thoughts ran through my head – fear of being crushed, revulsion at making her think I wanted to celebrate anything, anger at the memory of her stalking me, and, also, excitement at the prospect of sex with a woman twenty times my size. They flashed too quickly for me to properly understand or consider them all, but the overwhelming feeling I had was panic. "Bri-" I started to hyperventilate. "Bri-hi-hi-hi..." I tried to tuck my knees up to curl myself into a ball.

“Oh, isn’t that cute! Ryan, I’m so flattered that you’re so excited! I promise I’ll be gentle. I won’t hurt you. You know I’d never hurt you.”

“NO!” I held my hand up.

She gasped sharply, as though she’d been stung by a bee. Anger crossed her face. “**Why?**”

I put one finger up, hoping that she’d let me regain my breath. Thankfully, she did.





When I finally looked back up, she was glaring at me from high above me. "I just... the beach is so... public!"

She narrowed her eyes. "**I remember that not stopping you before.**"

"Yeah but... you're way more visible now! I don't want to be on Youtube!"

She paused, considering. I continued.



"Wouldn't you rather be somewhere more private? We could go to, uh... well, I don't even know where we could go. Where do you sleep, anyway?"

Her face lit up again. **"You want to see my bedroom?"**

Ah, shit. I thought. "Um, yes! Yes, but... not right after class. I have an assignment due this week that I need to work on, and... and I'd like it to be a special evening. We could, uh..." I was running out of excuses and ideas, but luckily, that seemed to have done the trick.

“Yes! I think that sounds great! Let’s do it! Tonight. After you go to class, go home and get cleaned up, and shave, and I’ll do the same.”

She was so excited planning our evening that she seem to be paying any attention to where she was stepping. Two cars narrowly avoided getting into a collision with her sneakers, and one swerved into a wall. She continued walking; if she had even noticed, she didn’t care. I was trying to think of the best way to respond when we were interrupted by a voice coming from far away.





"Briana."

Amazingly, we both heard her before we saw her. In the distance, towering over the buildings, was a woman. She must have been twice as tall as Briana. Briana froze for just a few moments, then looked around in a panic to try and find someplace she might be able to hide or escape. She only did this briefly, though, as it was clear after a moment's consideration that this giantess had seen us and was walking directly toward us.



I had thought that Briana was careless about where she was stepping because she hadn't bothered avoiding cars. The way this woman strolled through the city, though, was different. She seemed fully aware of the damage and destruction she was causing with each step as she advanced toward us. I could hear the screams of pedestrians coming from below her. With almost every step, I the crunch of twisted metal and the klaxon of car alarms sounded out, creating a cacophonic mess.

"Oh my God, Ryan." Briana looked down at me. **"Ryan, she's come to take you away from me."**

"What?" I said. "Why? Who is she? What the fuck is-" I stopped talking as she got down on one knee and removed one of her shoes. "Briana, why are you-"

"It's okay, Ryan. I just need to hide you. She's not going to take you away. I won't let her. I promise." I tried not to think too hard about how that sounded more like a threat than a reassurance.





"No, don't put me-"

"It'll be okay, Ryan! It'll be okay." She repeated this over and over, almost as though she were trying to convince herself instead of me. She placed me into her shoe, and I was immediately struck by the heat and humidity of the air inside. The smell, pungent and earthy, took an extra half-second.



I took a deep breath, and gagged from the smell of her foot. I recovered, and started breathing through my mouth only.

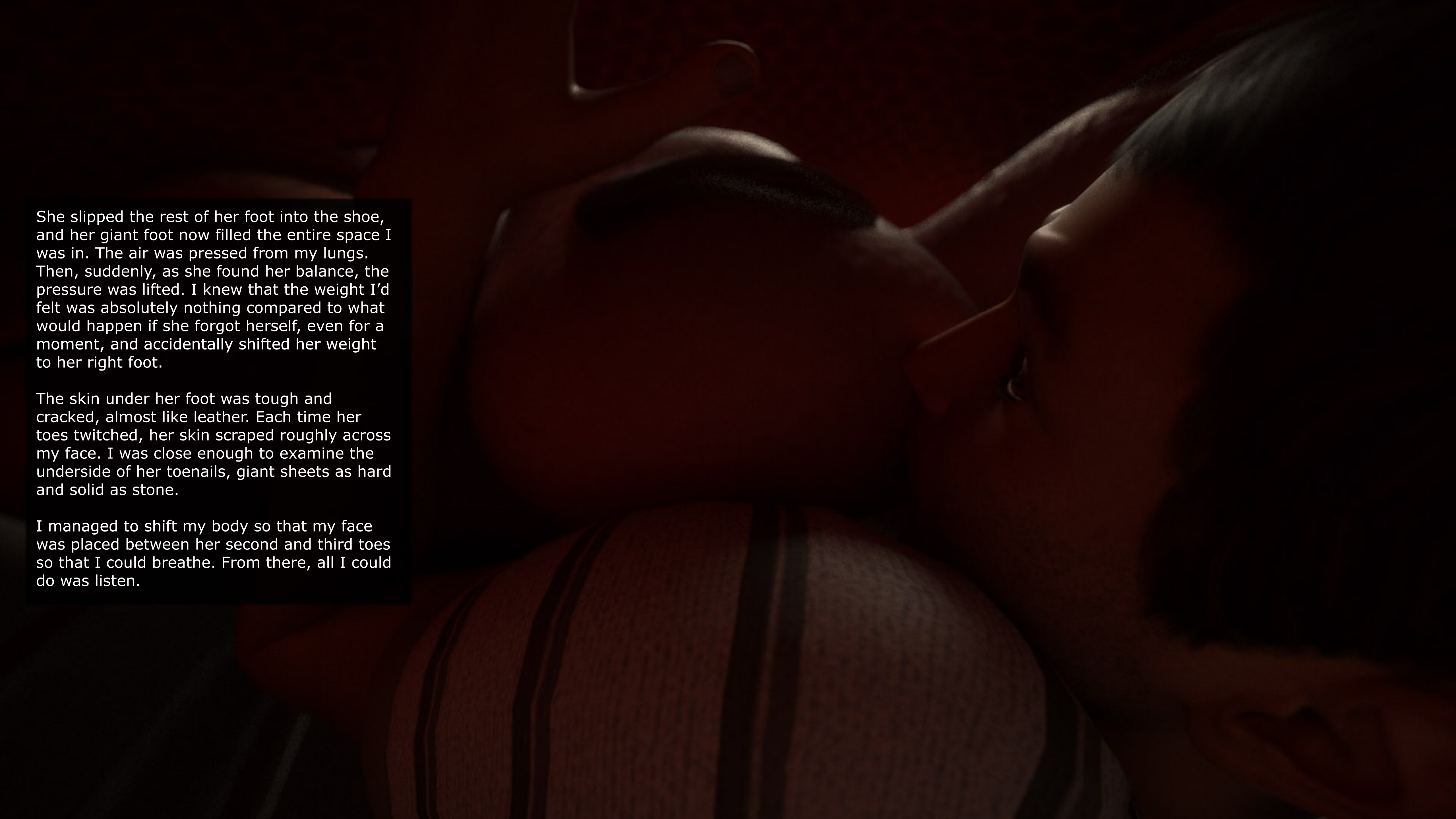
The inside of her shoe was dark, dank and cramped. Anticipating what was coming, I lay myself as flat as I could, to try and allow her foot as much room as possible. Sure enough, after just a few seconds, the light coming from the opening of her shoe was blocked out by the sole of her foot.



I froze. The sight of her foot, as big as a car, descending directly onto me, almost in slow-motion, was mesmerizing. I realized that I was right where her heel should be, and that lying flat in this spot wasn't going to help me, but I found myself unable to move. I had to close my eyes to break the trance that I was in. I started kicking to push myself backwards, scrabbling back towards the toe of her shoe.

A dramatic, low-key photograph showing a person's legs and feet inside a tent with red and white stripes. A bright light source, possibly a lamp, is positioned above the person, creating a strong silhouette and a large, bright lens flare that dominates the upper center of the frame. The person's feet are visible in the foreground, and their legs extend towards the light. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and intense due to the high contrast between the light and shadow.

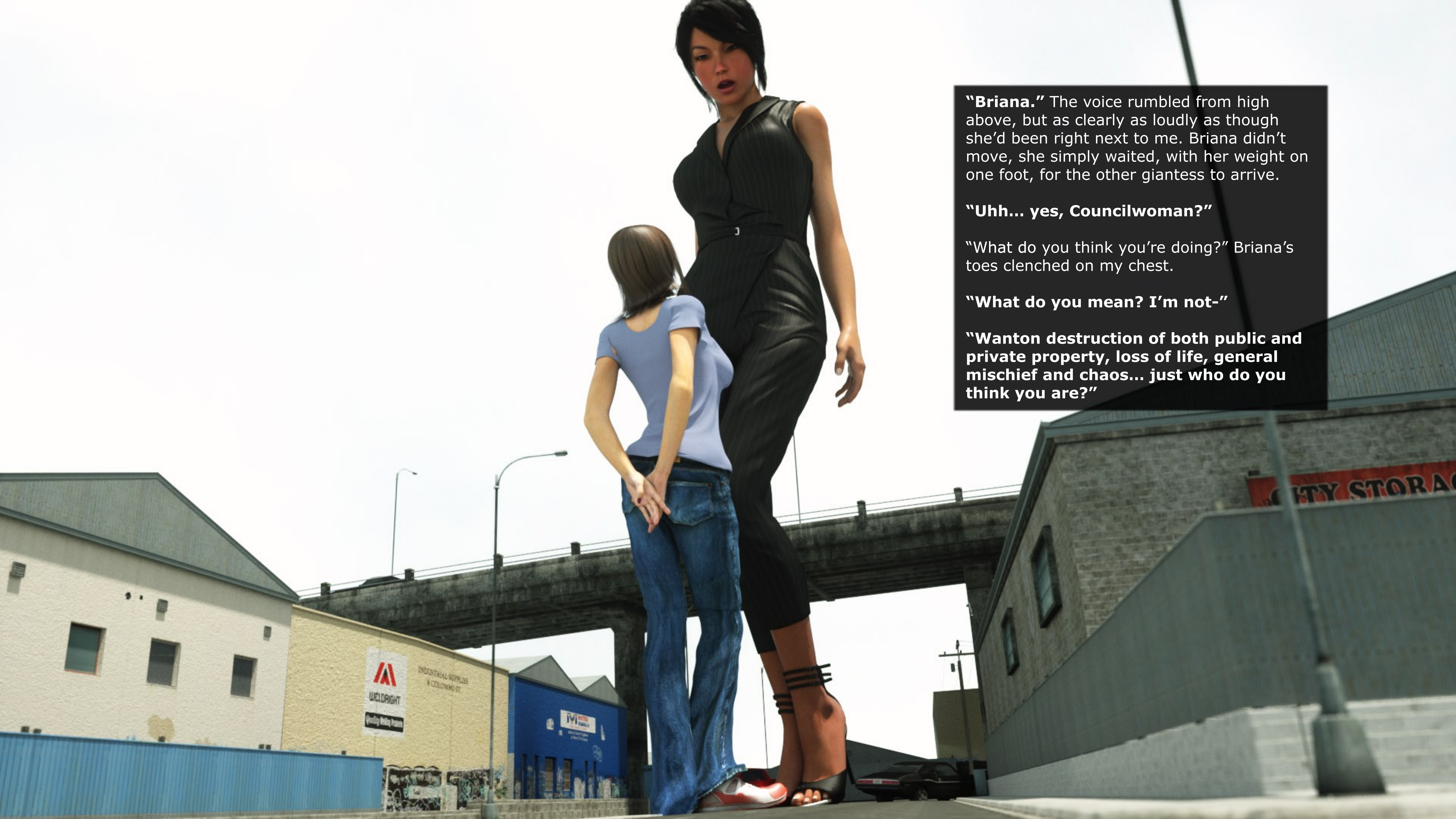
The light was nearly all blocked out as her bare foot entered the shoe. The ball of her foot came down upon the bottom of the shoe, narrowly missing my legs. I pulled the up toward me, in a panic, and continued scrambling backwards. Her toes, the largest one as big as my chest, reached in toward me, threatening to crush me, to press me into the sole of her shoe.



She slipped the rest of her foot into the shoe, and her giant foot now filled the entire space I was in. The air was pressed from my lungs. Then, suddenly, as she found her balance, the pressure was lifted. I knew that the weight I'd felt was absolutely nothing compared to what would happen if she forgot herself, even for a moment, and accidentally shifted her weight to her right foot.

The skin under her foot was tough and cracked, almost like leather. Each time her toes twitched, her skin scraped roughly across my face. I was close enough to examine the underside of her toenails, giant sheets as hard and solid as stone.

I managed to shift my body so that my face was placed between her second and third toes so that I could breathe. From there, all I could do was listen.



"Briana." The voice rumbled from high above, but as clearly as loudly as though she'd been right next to me. Briana didn't move, she simply waited, with her weight on one foot, for the other giantess to arrive.

"Uhh... yes, Councilwoman?"

"What do you think you're doing?" Briana's toes clenched on my chest.

"What do you mean? I'm not--"

"Wanton destruction of both public and private property, loss of life, general mischief and chaos... just who do you think you are?"



"Wait... why can't I break things?"

"Excuse me?"

"Why can't- "

"Yes, I know what you said. I just couldn't believe the audacity of what I was hearing. Are you questioning a member of the High Council?"

"I just... the Lamoureux women do this kind of thing all of the time!"

"You've been a giantess for all of – what, a few months? And you're comparing yourself to the ladies of the Lamoureux family? Do you have such delusions of grandeur that you can't tell the difference between ladies of such noble stature and a peasant such as yourself? I should crush your hands and feet for daring to insult the council in such a way! Including that human you've obviously hidden in your shoe."





Briana's toes twitched. My entire body was pushed backwards and crammed up into the toe of her shoe, just from her involuntary movement. I broke into a cold sweat. I honestly didn't know which of the two giant women was a greater danger to me at that moment.



When Briana didn't respond, the Councilwoman continued: **"I don't know whether you're speaking out of stupidity or ignorance, but I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt. Once. You *don't* have the right to do whatever you want. You may be bigger than all of the humans from the city you used to live in, but don't you dare forget that there are people out there who are bigger than you. A lot bigger. So when I – or any other Council member, for that matter – tell you that you aren't to do something, the correct fucking answer is 'Yes Ma'am!'"**



“And if you can’t handle that, then you’re going to find yourself under a disciplinary order of the Council. And I promise you that you won’t enjoy that at all. So listen, and remember: there are designated areas zoned for free demolition. You can do whatever you bloody well like there. Stay there if you can’t control your temper. But outside of these areas, *no* killing humans. At least not more than a handful. And no *eating* humans, *especially* not in a public area where anyone can see and photograph you.”

“Consider this your first – and only – warning. Familiarize yourself with our code of conduct. You don’t seem to realize what a privilege you’ve been granted, or how easily you could be stripped of it. We don’t take kindly to newly-grown upstarts acting ungrateful and presumptuous. I don’t want to have to come see you again. Make sure I don’t.”





With that, she turned and walked away- directly through the overpass which Briana had ducked under just a few minutes earlier. She didn't put any kind of effort into its destruction; she just allowed the weight of her massive leg to smash through the concrete and metal, as though she hadn't even seen it there. Huge chunks of stone and pavement came tumbling down to the street below, raining onto parked cars and smashing the sidewalk.

And she left. It was as though Briana no longer existed for her; she didn't turn her head back or say anything else, she just walked away until she was out of sight. She didn't even turn to look when a car swerved and drove right off of the destroyed overpass right behind her, and crashed on the ground below. With each step she took, I could hear people screaming and cars honking their horns. The sounds gradually got farther and farther away until they were far off in the distance.





Briana removed her foot gently from her shoe. I gasped in the fresh air and squinted at the bright light which was now flooding the inside of the shoe. When I opened my eyes and looked up, Briana's smiling face was gazing down on me. **"See, Ryan!"** she beamed. **"I told you I wouldn't let anyone take you away from me!"**

I opened my mouth to point out that she probably couldn't have done anything if the Councilwoman had decided to kill me, but thought better of it.

“Come on, Ryan,” she said as she reached her hand in to pick me up again. **“Let’s get you home so you can get changed and get to class. We wouldn’t want you to be late. Your education is very important, and I only want what’s best for you.”**



"Briana," I managed to say, "did she... did the Councilwoman tell you not to... eat people?"

Her eyes widened just for a split second, and then she laughed. **"Yeah, she did, didn't she? What a silly thing for her to say. I guess there must have been a giantess who did that one time. How funny!"**

"Yeah," I responded. I didn't say much else while she carried me home. I had a lot to think about.





"Here you are, my love," Briana said as she dropped me off on my balcony. I was sweaty, sandy, and smelled exactly the way you might think a giantess' shoe would smell. I wanted so badly to get inside, lock all the doors – not that that would accomplish anything – and hide in the shower for the rest of my life.

"Th- thanks," I managed to stammer out.

"Enjoy your class. You know, I think it's so... *noble* of you."

"Noble?"

"You know! You don't really have to keep going to school anymore, do you? You're dating a giantess! I'm going to take care of you for the rest of your life! But you still want to improve your fabulous brain. I wouldn't. If I were you, I'd just sit back, and relax, and let me provide for you." She sighed.

"That's why I love you so much, Ryan. You always want to improve yourself. You're just so... hard-working, and..." she trailed off, and grinned at me. **"Perfect."**





She leaned in and kissed me, her mouth enveloping my entire face. The softness of her lips felt so good, it almost made me forget the moments of life-threatening danger and kidnapping that had made up the morning and previous day. Her tongue darted out quickly, gently licking my face. I reflexively kissed her lower lip back, though I doubt she noticed it.

"This is just the start, Ryan. This is the start of a brand new chapter of our lives. Nothing is going to be the same ever again for us. You deserve the best, and I'm going to make sure that you only ever have the best. Anything you want. Everything you want. It's going to be yours. Including," and she giggled, "me, of course."



A woman with long brown hair, wearing a light blue short-sleeved dress, stands on a rooftop balcony. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera with a slight smile. Her hands are clasped together on the metal railing. In the background, a man in a white striped shirt and dark pants is walking away from the camera on the same balcony. The setting is a city with modern buildings, including a curved glass skyscraper on the right and a building with a 'RESTAURANT' sign on the left. The sky is clear and blue.

"Anyway. Look at me, yammering on. You've got a class to get to. And," she winked at me, **"I've got to freshen up for our date tonight. I'm really looking forward to it. It's going to be,"** she licked her lips and giggled. **"So magical I can't even believe it. Just you wait. I'm going to give you an evening you won't ever forget."**

I'm sure that's true, I thought.



I stepped inside and got undressed. I didn't know what to do. Thoughts of leaving town crossed my mind, but I had no idea what Briana would do if she were unable to find me. I didn't want to be living here in the city with someone like her running around, out-of-control. *Then again*, I thought, *I'm not sure how in-control she is right now.*

I also thought about Jessica. I liked her, and wanted to see her again.

I went down to the ground floor to examine the damage the Briana had caused. Abandoned cards littered the street, some of them crushed, some of them still perfectly fine, with their keys still in the ignition. Bricks and chunks of concrete and metal were scattered everywhere, as though I were in a war zone. I sat on the hood of a car and thought about what I needed to do.



It was harder to navigate downtown, as there were several closed roads and the traffic was awful because of it, so I ended up getting to class right on time. I hurried to my spot right next to Jessica, and she smiled when she saw me.

"Hey, Ryan. Did you hear about-"

"Yes. Yes, I did. Look, I need to you later."

"...Sure, what about?"

"It's..."





"Alright class, eyes up here, please. We're about to begin."

I leaned over and whispered to her. "It's a long story, I'd hoped to get here early to talk to you, but I'll tell you about it after class, ok?"

"Give me the short version?"

I paused, and whispered, "My ex is back."

She slowly nodded and sat back in her chair.

As class was breaking up, there was a small crowd of people milling about just outside the classroom. “What’s going on, d’you think?” asked Jessica. I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, but before I could tell her that we should just leave through another exit, she was already pushing her way through the throng.

“Jessica, wait!” I called.

“Come on!” she responded, not understanding. Reluctantly, I followed her, hoping to be able to get her away, but as soon as I passed through the doors...





“Ryan!” came Briana’s voice blasting over the noise of the crowd. Jessica, as well as a number of other people nearby, clasped their hands over their ears. Briana was lying down on her back, just outside the building, her face right on the other side of the glass wall. *How long has she been waiting there for me?* I thought to myself.

“What a surprise! I didn’t know you’d– I was just jogging through the campus, and I was taking a break, and– here you are!” She laughed, as though the situation were hilarious. **“What are the odds?”**

I didn’t answer. She breathed deeply, as though she really had been exercising, and her gigantic breasts heaved up and down. I remembered spending the night on top of one of them. A very confusing mixture of emotions whirled through my head.





She rolled over and propped herself up on her hands, smiling as though this were the most natural, casual situation in the world. **"So, do you have a break now, or..."** her sentence trailed off as her eyes left me and focused, with laser precision, on Jessica. For a moment, she said nothing, and then her eyes not leaving Jessica's, she asked, very softly, **"Who's your friend, Ryan?"**



"My friend...?" I feigned ignorance. "Oh... oh, you mean Jessica? No, no, Jessica's not a friend. She's just a classmate. I mean..." Jessica, staring back at Briana, took a step backward. I thought she might turn and run away, but she held it together. She glanced at me quickly, but her eyes went back to the gigantic face just outside the window. "I barely know her," I continued. "We, um, we've been assigned to make a presentation together, but I think we've only spoken once or twice before today."



She took a long moment to stare at Jessica, as though she were memorizing every detail about her. Then, slowly, she leaned back and rested on her hands, behind her. "I see." She said, still speaking very softly. "Well, that's good. I don't know what I would do if I found out that you had become close with someone else. After all, you're my boyfriend, right? How *lucky* you are. How lucky you are to have a girlfriend who's big enough to protect you from anyone else!" She crossed her legs slowly, deliberately.



Protect me...? I thought. What is she talking about?

"A girlfriend who could just crush anyone who was bothering you, or who was invading your personal space. You know I'd do anything for you, right, Ryan? You know that I would do anything to keep you safe, and close to me."

She continued crossing her legs, and a collective gasp emerged from the crowd of people standing around me. Several screams as well, and a few people started running away. As she positioned her foot over her leg, a bloody, smashed corpse was visible, stuck to the underside of her shoe.



I couldn't even tell if they had been a man or a woman; the body was so utterly destroyed that it was only recognizable as a human. Jessica looked as though she might vomit.

"And anyone who thinks they can get closer to you than me, Ryan," continued Briana, **"is going to learn very quickly who they're up against. I do not plan on losing you again."**



"Anyway, I've got to keep running. Got to keep my heart rate up!" She stood up quickly to her full height, crushing the body underneath her sole yet again in the process. She didn't take the time to peel it off; she just stood there with a corpse stuck to her shoe. I wondered whether she was even aware that she had crushed someone on her jog. I wondered whether she had done it intentionally. If she was aware, she seemed not to care at all.

“Bye, Ryan. I love you. I love you so much. I’ll see you very, very soon!”

And with that, she turned and jogged away through campus. She didn’t make it more than a few steps before nearly crushing a pair of students, who managed to leap out of the way just in time. She ran off into the distance, the poor bastard stuck to her shoe getting stepped on with every pace, leaving a trail of blood and bits of flesh behind her.

Her footfalls were audible long after she was no longer visible. I turned to look at Jessica, who was staring at me.

“Why don’t we talk at my place, later today?” she asked.

“Sure.”

I gulped and nodded.





I showed up at Jessica's home later that afternoon, after our classes were done. I had skipped my last class for the day; there was no way I'd be able to concentrate. I just hid in a student lounge and lay there with my eyes closed, trying not to think about how fucked I was. Of course, I failed at that spectacularly. By the time I was supposed to meet Jessica, I had been able to think about nothing else.

A man and a woman are standing in a yard. The man, on the left, is wearing a striped polo shirt and dark pants, leaning against a concrete wall. The woman, on the right, is wearing a black t-shirt and jeans, standing with her hands clasped. They are both looking at each other. In the background, there is a white picket fence, a house with a tiled roof, and a multi-story apartment building under a clear blue sky.

“So. That’s her? The ex?”

“Yeah.”

“She seems, uh, nice.”

“Jesus Christ, I need to get out of here.” I put my face in my hands.

“How did she get so—”

“I don’t know.”

“But not just anyone can—”

“I don’t know.”

A man with short dark hair, wearing a light blue and white striped polo shirt, stands on the left side of the frame, looking towards the right. A woman with long, straight blonde hair, wearing a black t-shirt with a skull graphic, stands on the right side of the frame, looking back at the man. They are in a backyard with a blue wooden picket fence in the foreground and a two-story house with a brown roof in the background. The scene is lit with soft, warm light, suggesting late afternoon or early evening.

We were silent for a few minutes. Then she said, "My uncle has a cabin just over in the next state. He goes up there sometimes to hunt, but he's not using it right now. If you'd like a place to hide."

I thought about how just 24 hours prior, my life had seemed so normal, so on-track. Now, I was seriously entertaining the option of fleeing the city. I looked at her. "When can I go?" I asked.

She looked back at me. "You? *We*. When can we go."



"Jessica, I can't ask you to come with me."

"Ryan, I'd been thinking about something like this for a long time. I want to get to know you better, and I always thought that getting out of the city with someone is a perfect way to do that. Anyway, it isn't your cabin. It's my uncle's. I'm inviting you to come with me to my uncle's cabin, which is far away from here, and isolated, and a great place to go if you don't want anyone to know where you are, and also a great place to get to know someone."

A cinematic scene set in a suburban neighborhood. In the foreground, a man with short dark hair, wearing a light blue and white striped polo shirt and dark jeans, stands with his back to the camera, looking towards a woman. The woman has long dark hair and is wearing a black t-shirt with a skull graphic and blue jeans. She is looking back at the man with her hands on her hips. In the background, a blue wooden picket fence runs across the middle ground. Behind the fence, a woman with short brown hair, wearing a light purple t-shirt, is standing on the roof of a house, looking towards the man and woman. The background also features a large, multi-story apartment building under a clear blue sky.

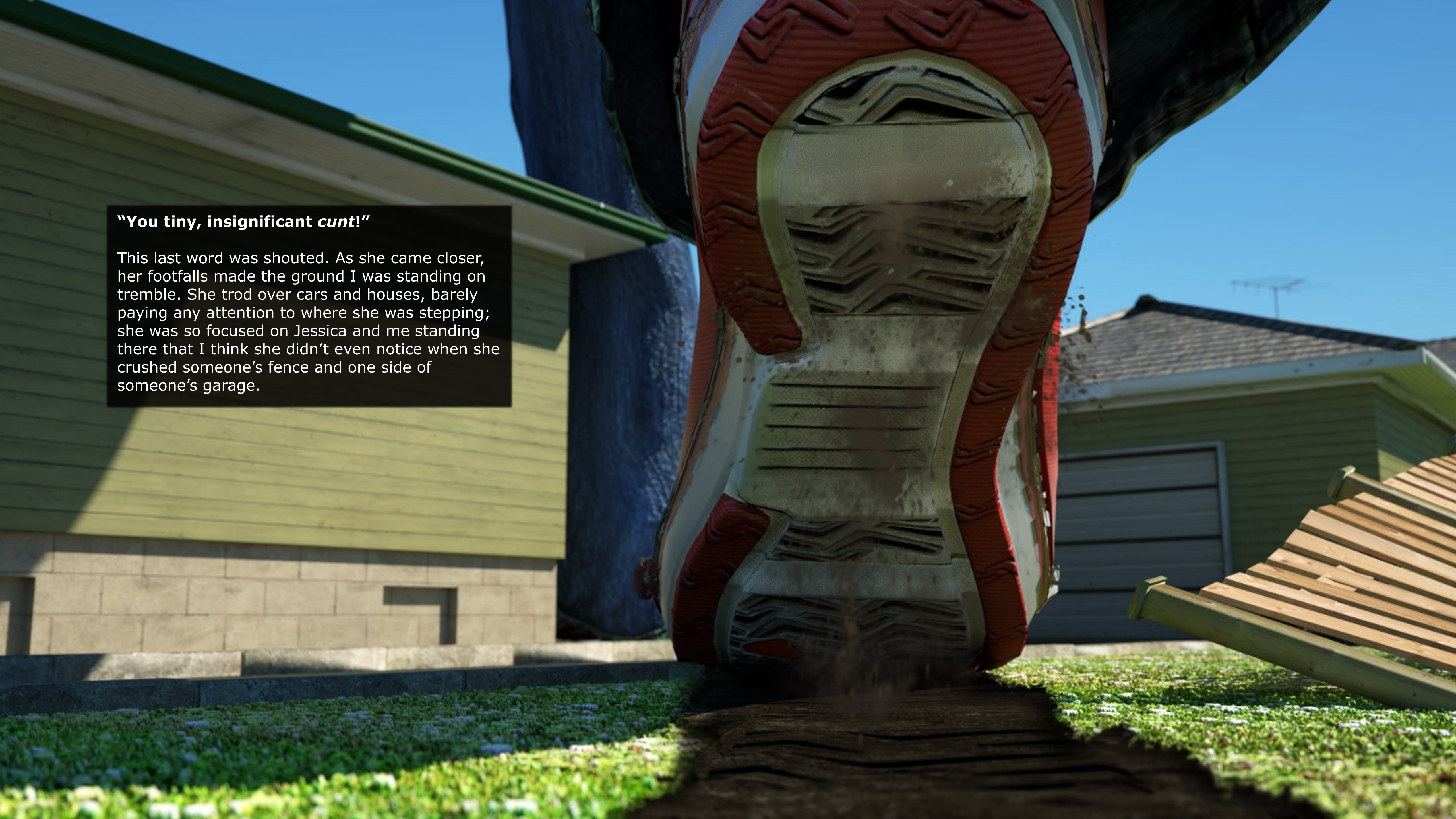
“But to answer your question,” she continued, “we can go as soon as you’re ready. Go home, pack your stuff, and let’s go.”

I shook my head. “I can’t go back home. Briana will almost certainly be watching for me there. I’m pretty sure she’s memorized my class schedule, and I know she knows where I live. Let’s just gas up and get out of here. I want to be out of the city in an hour.”



"You little bitch."

Her voice, again. I spun around and saw Briana stepping out from behind a building and walking towards us. The look on her face was terrifying; confusion, rage, and desperation were all twisting her features together into a contorted mask that barely resembled her. *But she's hundreds of feet away, I thought. How could she possibly see us and ID us from so far away, and so high up?*

A giant red and white sneaker is shown from a low angle, stepping onto a green lawn. The sole of the shoe is visible, showing a complex tread pattern. In the background, there is a house with light green siding and a dark blue door. A wooden ramp or set of stairs is visible on the right side of the frame. The sky is clear and blue.

"You tiny, insignificant *cunt!*"

This last word was shouted. As she came closer, her footfalls made the ground I was standing on tremble. She trod over cars and houses, barely paying any attention to where she was stepping; she was so focused on Jessica and me standing there that I think she didn't even notice when she crushed someone's fence and one side of someone's garage.



Jessica and I stood still, stunned into immobility. Briana continued walking towards us, slowly, putting all of her weight into each footfall. She swung her leg forward and snapped a power line with her shin; it exploded into a spray of hissing sparks, but if she felt it, she gave no indication. She didn't even look down.

"I knew... I knew when I saw you. The instant I saw you come out of the classroom with my man, I knew that you were going to cause trouble," she said, her voice quivering with emotion, as though she might start crying at any moment. She stepped forward and crushed the fence that separated Jessica's yard from her neighbours', and lifted her other foot directly above us. Reflexively, we both fell down and put up our arms in protection, although it would have been clear from a moment's thought that it was a useless gesture.



“Do you know what I’ve been through?”

She brought her foot down – hard – and would easily have killed Jessica had she not rolled out of the way at the last moment. Dirt and rocks were thrown into the air from the force of her stomp and showered Jessica, on the ground.



“Do you have any idea what it’s like to love someone with all of your heart and soul? To have a spiritual connection that’s so deep and meaningful that you know, you just know, instantly, that you’re meant to be together forever?”

Lying on my back, looking up at the monstrous visage of Briana, my ex-girlfriend, who was now angrier than I ever had been, and more powerful than I ever would be, I became convinced that I was about to die. I felt as though a building were about to fall on me.





“And to imagine, to see your life together so clearly and so certainly?” She lowered herself into a crouch, placing her hand on the roof of Jessica’s house for support. I was thankful that she wasn’t still trying to stomp on us, but I was sure I didn’t like the fact that she was getting closer to us. A sudden memory flashed through my mind: the Councilwoman reminding Briana that she didn’t have the right to eat people. I shivered, despite the heat.

“And then to have that person taken from you? And to be alone?” Briana sat down in the yard, and rested her heel directly in front of Jessica. The bottom of her enormous shoe hovered over her. Briana rested her arm on her knee nonchalantly as she continued speaking. Jessica panicked and froze, unable to do anything but stare upwards at the sneaker threatening to smash her body into the ground.



A woman with long brown hair and purple nail polish is looking out from the open top of a red convertible car. She has a concerned or intense expression. The background is a clear blue sky. The car's interior is visible, showing a blue and white patterned seat and some mechanical parts.

“In a world that’s meaningless, and grey, and dull, and that wants to hurt you, that just wants to grind you into the dirt! To turn you to dust! Do you know what that’s like?”

Again, she seemed about to cry. Her eyes weren’t focused on us anymore; it seemed she was thinking about something else, or remembering something. For a split second, I thought she might be distracted enough that we could escape her, but her eyes snapped back onto Jessica as she started speaking again.

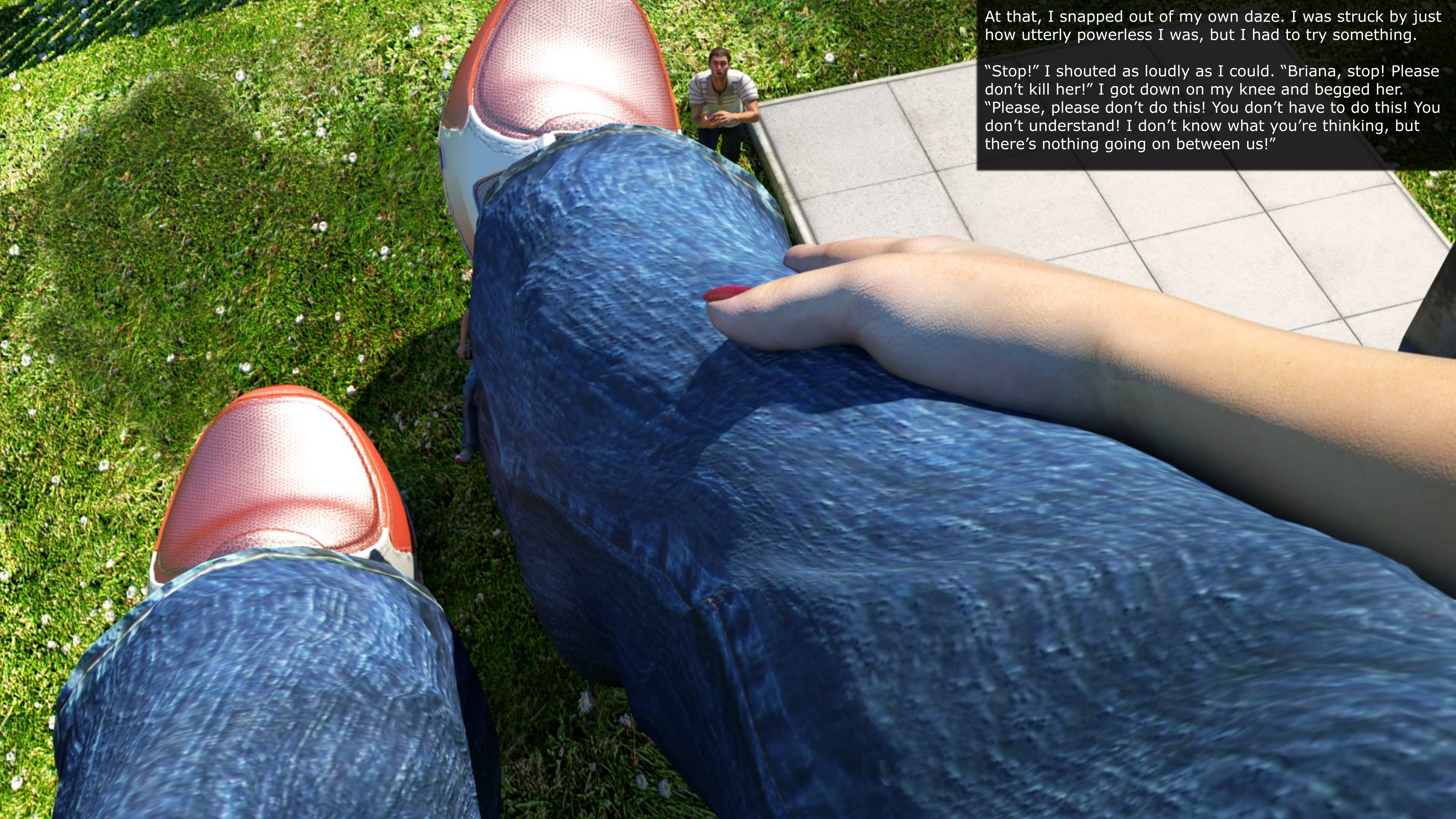


“Imagine it. I want you to imagine what it’s like to feel so sad and so empty that you can’t even breathe!”

It was finally too much for Jessica, and she started to scream. Her voice, shrill and wordless, brought me back into the moment, made me realize that since Briana had appeared from behind the building, we both had been frozen stiff. Jessica started to try and scramble away, backwards on all fours, but as soon as she moved, Briana moved her sneaker down toward the ground, pinning her to the ground.

At that, I snapped out of my own daze. I was struck by just how utterly powerless I was, but I had to try something.

"Stop!" I shouted as loudly as I could. "Briana, stop! Please don't kill her!" I got down on my knee and begged her. "Please, please don't do this! You don't have to do this! You don't understand! I don't know what you're thinking, but there's nothing going on between us!"



Briana turned to look at me, and smiled. She lifted her foot ever so slightly off of Jessica, and continued talking to her, as though I hadn't said a thing.

"Then, imagine that something changes. That, suddenly, the world... opens up! And you get a second chance! You can find the person you'd lost, and it seems, for the first time, in forever, that everything is going to be okay! And you have another shot at the life you wanted, the life you deserved. You feel like you can breathe again."



"And then some fucking cunt classmate steals him away to her fucking insect uncle's cabin out-of-state where you won't be able to find him anymore!"

Ever so briefly, the thought crossed my mind: *How could she possibly have heard that?*

But that thought disappeared instantly as Briana pressed her shoe down upon Jessica again. Jessica screamed again and fell backwards as she reflexively put up her hands.

"No!" I shouted, and leapt forward toward her.





“How do you think you would feel if that happened to you? What do you think you’d be capable of? Especially if you knew that there’d be no consequences? None at all?”

Jessica, still screaming, and tried to push the rubber of Briana’s sole away with her hands, though she may as well have been trying to push away a house.

Briana, though, didn’t crush her. She could have, easily, but was actually restraining herself. She was... playing with her. Jessica’s fingers dug into the crevices of her sneakers.



“After all, why should I have to face any kind of consequences for killing a bug?”

I crawled forward and grabbed Jessica’s hand. She was flailing around in a panic, but I managed to grab hold of one and hold it. I tried to pull her out, but there was no way I was going to be able to. I pulled on her arm, and her cries of fear abruptly changed to cries of pain. She was stuck, pinned under Briana’s giant shoe.

“We do it all the time. If there’s a bug floating around that’s bothering you, what do you do? Do you just... let it continue sucking your blood? Eating your food? Stealing from you? Taking what’s yours?”

She was smiling, but I don’t actually think she was experiencing any pleasure from this situation. She was scared. It seems absurd to say, but the 100-foot tall giantess was afraid of what Jessica and I were going to do.



"Or do you step on it?"

She pressed her foot down even more forcefully, which required no effort at all on her part. Jessica's body was pressed down into the dirt, and Briana's shoe covered her so completely that I could only see her hands and feet sticking out. Not knowing what else I could possibly do, I squeezed Jessica's hand. She responded by shouting at me from the underside of Briana's foot:

"Ryan, do something!"



What the hell does she expect me to do? I thought to myself. Feeling powerless, and not knowing how Briana would react, but unable to come up with anything better, I shouted at her:

“Briana, I’m breaking up with you!”

She stopped talking and looked at me, an expression of bewilderment and now unmistakable fear in her eyes. I didn’t know what I was expecting, and I didn’t know where I could go from there, but I pressed on.

“I can’t be with you if this is how you’re going to act! You can’t just kill my classmates like that! What’s happened to you? What happened to...” I swallowed my pride and said, “What happened to the person I loved? She would never do this!”



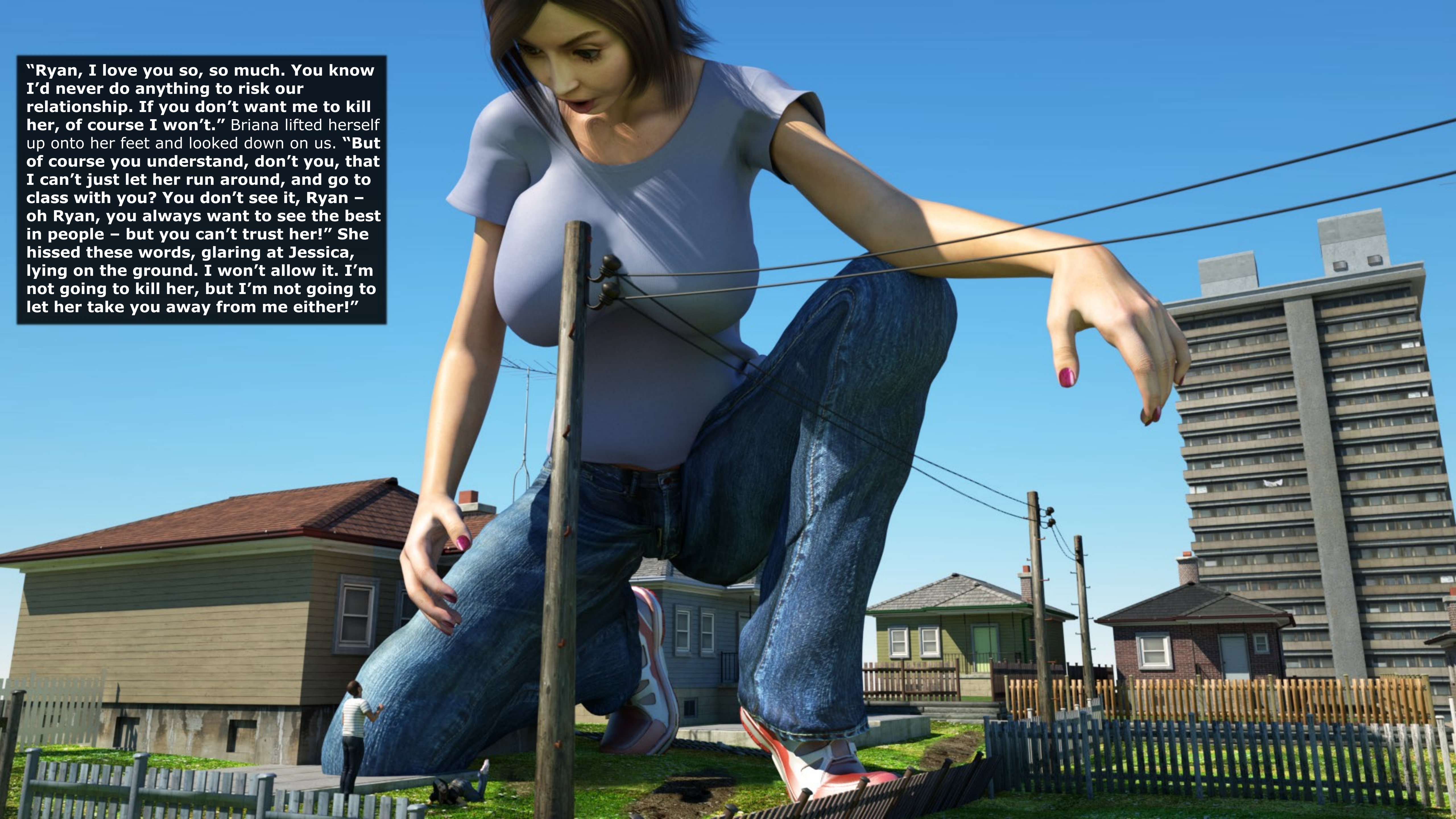
Briana paused to consider what I'd said. After a moment of consideration, she looked down at me and said, **"Ryan, I... I was just doing this for us... don't you see? Don't you see how she was trying to steal you away from me? We could have such a beautiful life, and she's... she was... trying to..."**

"Briana, if you kill her, *we are over!*" I tried not to sound terrified.

Slowly, hesitantly, she lifted her foot. I ran to check on Jessica; she was conscious, but I think she was in shock. I spoke her name, but she didn't respond.



“Ryan, I love you so, so much. You know I’d never do anything to risk our relationship. If you don’t want me to kill her, of course I won’t.” Briana lifted herself up onto her feet and looked down on us. **“But of course you understand, don’t you, that I can’t just let her run around, and go to class with you? You don’t see it, Ryan – oh Ryan, you always want to see the best in people – but you can’t trust her!”** She hissed these words, glaring at Jessica, lying on the ground. I won’t allow it. I’m not going to kill her, but I’m not going to let her take you away from me either!”



A low-angle shot of a giant woman with long brown hair, wearing a light blue short-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, reaching down with her right hand. She has a surprised or excited expression. In her right hand, she holds a small man in a striped shirt. The background shows a clear blue sky, a house with a brown roof, and a tall apartment building in the distance.

She picked up Jessica in one hand. Jessica, at the last moment, realized what was happening and tried to scramble away, but Briana was far too fast. Jessica began screaming again, her voice now hoarse. Briana squeezed her briefly in her fingers, and she started coughing violently. She did, however, stop screaming.

"I'm just going to hang on to you, *Jessica*."
She spat her name out as though it were a piece of rotten food.



"You'll be safe – I've promised Ryan – but you clearly need to learn a thing or two about *boundaries*." She turned her gaze back to me. "Thank, you, Ryan. Thank you for reminding me what a good person you are, and why I fell in love with you in the first place. I promise I won't hurt her. I'm going to take very, very good care of her. You won't have to worry about her at all. As long as you and I are together, I promise she'll be safe."

"So I'm going back to my place. I still need to go freshen up, after all! We're going on a date tonight! Why don't you come pick me up at my place, at 6:00?"

For a moment, I didn't understand. Less than a minute ago, she was about to murder someone; I couldn't believe she was now talking about our date, like nothing had happened.

"I... don't know where you live." I didn't know what else to say.

She smiled. **"Head North. You'll find me."**

North? That's vague. I thought. Even considering she's a giant, how will I find her?

"I'm so glad we had this talk, Ryan. It's important to communicate what we need from each other. You've told me that killing your classmates is a deal-breaker, and I can respect that. That's important! We're going to be together for the rest of our lives, so it's important that we talk about this kind of thing! You know I only want you to be happy, right?"



Without waiting for a response, Briana turned and walked away, Jessica in hand. As she did, she called over her shoulder.

"Oh, Ryan. I'll see you in a few hours. The future is so exciting!"



END OF PART 2

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